

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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WHY OREGON INDUSTRIES LANGUISH

It is said that the industries of the Northwest are languishing.

If this is true it is well that the people understand the real cause.

Our crops are large and prices are high. There is a good demand for lumber and its kindred products—our chief industry.

There are, however, no cars in which to ship the produce and the lumber to market. As common carriers the Southern Pacific and its subsidiary lines have failed miserably in providing the facilities for taking care of their territory.

The Hop Growers association of Oregon, located in Salem, is making sales at fair prices, but growers are waiting for their money, some of them paying interest the meantime, because the railroad company will not receive their shipments and give them the bill of lading necessary to release their money. Prune growers are ready to turn their finished product over to the purchasers who have paid exceedingly good prices for it—but there are no cars. Some of these hop and prune contracts may be cancelled because of the inability of the grower to deliver on board the cars as the contract stipulates.

The story of closed lumber mills and allied industries, with resultant cancellation of orders, is well-known the facts having been fully brought out at the Portland hearing of the public utilities commission.

No wonder the industries of the Northwest languish while the outside market clamors for our products and the output of our mills.

And as a contrast to this deplorable condition comes the news of the greatest dividends the railroads ever distributed—a billion dollars of net profits, of which the Southern Pacific received its full share. A million or two million dollars for rolling stock and cars during the past year would scarcely have been missed from the colossal pile of gold garnered in freights and fares.

Few cars, and many of them too leaky for shipment of hops and similar products, have placed a burden upon the producer of Oregon which makes him a borrower at the bank where he ought to be a depositor. Several years ago the S. P. Co. announced its intention of building large shops at Springfield, Oregon, to take care of the rolling stock upon the roads converging there. They have not been built, and there are no adequate facilities for taking care of this branch of railroad operation in the Northwest. Poverty and poor business has been the chronic railroad croak in this section for years—and during that time the net profits of this system have grown into a huge mountain of gold.

Well, what are the people of Oregon going to do about it? Can they do anything? Possibly not—the corporations have become more powerful than the people who gave them the franchises and privileges of common carriers.

But there is never anything lost in making an honest effort to better bad conditions. The next legislature might, for instance, be chosen to represent the people, instead of the corporations, if the voters so decree. The big railroad and public utility lobby might be banished from the state capitol next winter, and the time of the members devoted to framing laws in the interest of the producers and those capitalists who are legitimately endeavoring to make use of and develop the resources of the state. Politicians who whine about the passage of laws unfriendly to the "big interests" and who shed crocodile tears over the hard conditions imposed upon the public service corporations might be driven from places of power, and officials chosen who are more concerned in the welfare of the man who grows wheat, or prunes or hops, raises livestock or gives employment in the mills and factories of the state.

In short, the people of Oregon do not know their power because they have never earnestly attempted to exercise it in their own interest; they never realized how completely the corporation chains had been riveted to their ankles until the railroad system that had fattened upon the profits of their labor, capital and enterprise refused to provide the ordinary facilities of transportation

required to keep the wheels of industry turning—and then blandly asks them what they are going to do about it, anyway!

Mr. Fairbanks, coached by Governor Withycombe and backed by the Oregonian, has made the usual calamity howl tour of Oregon. He says Oregon industries are suffering from the effects of the Underwood tariff law, and this statement is made in face of the fact that Willamette valley wool, under free trade, this year sold at 35 and 40 cents a pound, and that sheep are worth more today than ever in the history of the state. Prunes, although a record-breaking crop, are selling unusually well and all varieties of fruit have brought better prices than for years past. Wheat has sold as high as \$1.18 a bushel in the vicinity of Salem, and oats and hay are bringing high prices. Butter has averaged higher than usual the past year and eggs are now retailing in Salem at 40 cents a dozen, in spite of the big howl about Chinese cheap eggs. Hogs and other livestock are continually making new high records. Hops alone are low and these are not affected by tariff duties because Oregon growers look to the foreign market largely for sale of their crop. Lumber, our principal manufactured product, is in splendid demand at profitable prices but the Southern Pacific company is unable to carry it to market—the shortage of cars, so the railroad company explains, being due to the unparalleled prosperity of the country. Will Mr. Fairbanks further consult his political coaches in Oregon and give a detailed list of those Oregon industries which are suffering because of the Underwood tariff?

The New York Evening Post has published the story that Kaiser Wilhelm has through Ambassador Gerard sent a request to President Wilson asking his good offices in bring about peace. Mr. Gerard is now on the Atlantic and is expected in New York Tuesday. Until that time the correctness of the Post's story cannot be verified. It may be true for Germany has before suggested peace. England on those occasions, refused to entertain the proposal and says she will not do so until Germany is thoroughly beaten. She apparently overlooks the fact that the whole world is affected by the war and it is not an affair of the allies alone as to the making of peace. They owe something to the balance of the world whose business is thrown out of plumb by the war, and should not hesitate about listening to peace proposals. When they have been made England may object to the terms, and demand others, but she has no right to say she will not consider them. The rights of the other nations should be recognized to some extent at least, and certainly to that entertaining of any proposition that may lead to peace.

Mr. Fairbanks says that Pacific Coast industries are idle because of the Underwood tariff law. Being a stranger, the gentleman from Indiana has received the wrong tip, since the only industries idle just now are in that lamentable condition because of the inability of the Southern Pacific company to furnish cars in which to transport their output to market. And the S. P. Co. justifies itself on the ground that a record-breaking era of prosperity has caught it unprepared. The former vice president and the Southern Pacific officials should get together and compare notes since they are all working to the same end—the election of Hughes and Fairbanks. Naturally their stories ought to agree in their essential points.

We will probably have a constant string of republican calamity howlers coming through the state for the next month picturing Oregon as the pauper member of the Union. Local Hughes managers ought to possess enough state pride to use their best efforts to get their speakers to give our industries and enterprises a boost instead of a knock. Calamity howling serves no good purpose and it is doubtful if it will fool many intelligent voters in this campaign—and most of our voters are more intelligent than the average stump speaker seems to think they are, judging from the brand of stuff he hands out in the effort to influence their judgment.

If the price of paper keeps going up counterfeiters of currency will have to quit making anything less than \$100 bills.

The mayor of Portland is determined that Policeman Hunter shall never wear a star while he is mayor and all because Hunter was charged with being present where some beer was served, the occasion being while he was off duty. If the mayor refuses to associate with all who drink a glass of beer or wine or even whiskey occasionally he will get mighty lonesome in Portland business circles. We may hold different opinions about the use of spirituous liquors, but few will assert that it is immoral or criminal to drink it. The most ardent indorser of dry laws would hardly go to that extent however foolish he might consider the act.

Because the Americans and Mexicans have had a couple of clashes about as serious as an ordinary strike in the coal districts of Ohio or West Virginia, the Hughes stumbers are declaring that these constitute war, and, therefore, Wilson has not kept us out of war. Did anyone ever before hear of a national issue being made of such a quibble!

That meeting of ex-presidents would-be next president and the political bosses, in New York City, was a vain attempt to follow scriptural advice, and "love your enemies, do good to those that hate you."

If the war correspondents would just substitute "Shrdlu" and "Etaoin" for some of those badly spelled and never pronounced names of men and places, it would be as intelligible to the readers, more simple for the editors and a joy to the linotype operators.

The New York Sun remarks that "A bull mooser full of fatted calf makes an irresistible campaigner." This might be taken as a direct compliment to the colonel, only he has ceased to belong in the irresistible class.

The European war has enlightened America as to the unknown possibilities of the alphabet. In the Balkans they do stunts with it only possible for a linguistic athlete.



INS AND OUTS

The times are hard and the fates are mean; my children clamor for gasoline. So dire their want, and so deep their woes, they can't all go to the movie shows. When such things be we can realize a change of government is most wise; we'll all be covered with cheerful grins, when the Ins are Outs and the Outs are Ins. The times are hard and the years are lean, my wife is minus a limousine; the breath of autumn now keenly stirs, and none of my girls is wearing furs. There's something wrong when we cannot buy life's necessities, you won't deny; there's something wrong with the ship of state; the present skipper must pull his freight; we'll hang the crew to the main-top mast, and then our worries will all be past. The time of roses and wine begins, when the Ins are Outs and the Outs are Ins.

UNION HILL ITEMS.

Adolph Hester started for southern Oregon Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Rabens and daughter Dora, visited at the E. E. Carter home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Slevely are the proud parents of a bonnie baby boy which arrived October 1, 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Scott and family visited at the Mrs. J. King home Sunday.

Miss Emma Peters called on Miss Edna Johnson Sunday afternoon.

Clifford Carter has rented W. E. Yates place.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Gay Geer motored up from Douglas county and spent a few days at the Charley Geer home last week.

School opened Monday with Miss Bertha Oliver of Salem as teacher and an enrollment of 15 pupils, but as this is institute week there will be several more enrolled next week.

Mrs. N. Johnson and children spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. M. Gilmore.

All those attending the state fair from this place report it the best ever.

We are glad to hear of Mrs. I. B. Carter's health being much improved since going to Ashland, Oregon.

Mr. J. Frank of Sublimity who purchased the J. Svancara farm moved out last week. It looks good to see the house occupied again.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mollett, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mollett, Miss Bertha and Ethel Mollett spent Monday afternoon at the H. A. Thomas home—Stuyton Mail.

GOOD ROAD WORK

John Kintz, of Sublimity, road supervisor of that district, was a caller Monday. Mr. Kintz has been doing some road work in his district. One piece of road in particular that is worthy of commendation is that done on what is known as the Benson hill.

On this piece of work a new plan has been adopted—the crushed rock being placed on the side instead of the center of the road, leaving a good dirt road alongside the rock road.

Mr. Kintz informs us that the district is to be divided, a new district being formed from the north portion. Sublimity district has always favored good roads, and has some of the best in the county. Mr. Kintz is a good man in his position, and is interested in getting good roads throughout his entire district at as little cost to the taxpayers as possible.—Stuyton Standard.

DEATH OF MRS. BRENTANO.

St. Paul, Ore., Oct. 2.—Mrs. Dora Victoria Brentano, who died at the family home near Yamhill, Oregon, on the 20th day of September, 1916, was born at St. Mary's, Minn., Oct. 28, 1870, and came to Oregon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Thomas of Dayton, Ore., in 1875. On July 18, 1889, she was married at St. Paul, Oregon, to C. F. Brentano, who, with five children, survive her—Mrs. Mima Pierard of Portland, and Joseph, Karl, Herman and Helena Brentano, of Yamhill. She leaves two brothers, Joseph and Peter.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(Woodburn Independent.)

After much persuasion on the part of his many friends in this county, I, H. McMahon, of Salem, has decided to be an independent candidate for district attorney. When the news of his candidacy spread over the county of Marion he learned that he was about the same as elected and all that was necessary was to count the votes. There is no doubt that he will be chosen by a large plurality and a flattering majority.

This decision to be a candidate was reached by Mr. McMahon before the news leaked out that there was trouble between Captain Gehlar and the enlisted men of Company M. Mr. McMahon's popularity was so pronounced that it was unnecessary to wait for such a militia incident.

The main reason why Mr. McMahon is in the field, and why so many earnestly desire his name on the ticket, is that they wish an able, tried and fully experienced lawyer in this important position. They want a man in whom they can place implicit confidence and trust, and they know in him they have full qualifications and one who has demonstrated in the past that he is a man of probity.

Mr. McMahon will carry the north end of the county almost solidly. He will also carry Salem and is strong in the south end. All recognize that he is clean-cut, an able attorney, has extensive landed interests in the county, and on several occasions has taken the initiative and fought battles single-handed for the taxpayers and saved them large sums of money, one instance being \$100,000.

It is pleasing to know that such a man will be in the race for this office. It is pleasing to know that he will be elected. It is pleasing to know that we will have not only an able district attorney, but one fearless of the threats of corporations, wily politicians and the court house ring. An elector can support him and feel certain that the vote is for one who will do right on every occasion, who cannot be swayed from the performance of his duty to the people and especially to the taxpayers.

The world loves a fighter for the right. This is what will elect Mr. McMahon. He knows how to fight, can fight, does fight, and he always is found fighting on the right side of the fence. Men of all parties will pull off their coats to put him in this important office.

Thomas of Dayton; and two sisters, Mrs. Millie Hildrey of Saver, and Mrs. Mary Ernst of St. Paul, Oregon. Two little girls, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Pierard, will also miss their grandmother. After long and very severe suffering, patiently borne, passed away a noble and affectionate wife and mother—one who was ever ready to assist a neighbor in need of help. The funeral was held from St. Paul church, St. Paul, Oregon, on Monday, Oct. 2, 1916. Father Black of Mc Minnville assisted Father Chabot at the services.—Woodburn Independent.

BAMBRICK EXECUTED

Oswining, N. Y., Oct. 7.—Despite the eleventh hour plea for a reprieve signed by 50 prominent New York business men, including resident Theodore X. Vail, of the American Telephone & Telegraph company, Thomas Bambrick was electrocuted at Sing Sing at 5:55 a. m. today for murder of George Dapping, New York policeman.

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MURIEL TELLS A STORY

CHAPTER XII.

Muriel Franklyn called one afternoon, and in the course of the conversation spoke of a friend who was unhappy because she felt she could not trust her husband.

"She doesn't trust him as far as she can see!" Muriel began. "She tortures herself by thinking all sorts of things. But let me tell you something, Morton Hurlburt never did anything he didn't want to do in his life. The trouble with Clara is that she can't realize it, can't become accustomed to it, and make him want to stay with her by being pleasant and attractive. Instead of doing that she makes him miserable by her jealousy, her questions. She forgets he only remains because he WANTS to, and so fails to compel a desire for her society by being pleasant." Then she added, "But he's much older than she is, and set in his ways."

After Muriel left I thought of what she had said and compared myself to Clara Hurlburt. I would try to make Clifford WANT to stay with me, for I realized that he too did very little that he didn't want to do.

An Invitation.

The telephone interrupted my musings.

"Is this Mrs. Hammond?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Hammond."

"This is Mrs. Horton, Mabel Horton. I have known Cliff—your husband for ages. Will you forgive me for not calling upon you—really I have been in town very little since we were married—and come to dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Why—" I was about to refuse, then changed my mind. "Yes, thank you. I will Mrs. Horton." This was my opportunity to meet some of Clifford's friends. "What time do you dine?"

"About 7. It is so good of you to come; good-bye."

"Good-bye," I responded, rather faintly.

As I hung up the receiver I was conscious of two distinct emotions: one of gladness at the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Horton, and perhaps others of her set, the other, terror of what I might discover about their relations with Clifford.

Clifford Forbids the Dinner.

"Oh, Clifford!" I commenced as soon as he came in, "what do you think happened today? Who do you think telephoned me?"

"I don't know I am sure. Evidently someone in whom you are interested, if I am to judge by your excited manner."

"I am interested in her, but only because she is such an old friend of yours. It was Mrs. Horton. She apologized to me because she hadn't called, then asked us to dine with her at 7 tomorrow night." I hurried on, uneasy at the frown on Clifford's face.

"What did you tell her?"

"I accepted of course. At first I thought I would refuse because she hadn't called, but then I thought you—you would like me to go—to know your friends." I finished lamely as I suddenly remembered our conversation when he told me he did not wish them to invite me to their homes.

"Well, you may call her up in the morning and say you cannot go. Make any excuse you see fit. And after this, Mildred, you will accept no invitations without first consulting me. You will then perhaps save yourself embarrassment."

"But, Clifford!"

"We'll not discuss it further. My decision is final." Just then Kate called us to dinner, and so prevented any objection I might have voiced.

(Monday—Clifford Attends the Dinner—Alone.)

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